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NAROCKI

Thirty years ago there lived at Warsaw an aged man of the name of Narocki. His years greatly exceeded those ordinarily assigned to man. In the history of Napoleon we read that when he, in the plenitude of his power, had resolved, like *Bajazet*, that he

"Would rush among the nations like a tempest,
Be greatly terrible, and deal, like Alist,
His angry vengeance on the affrighted world."

In the tumult of war, while driving the Prussians before him, and threatening Russia with ruin, one amiable and interesting anecdote is recorded of him.

He had reached the capital of Poland, and was resident there, when one day the following remarkable petition was presented to him:—

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"Sire—My baptismal certificate dates from the year 1690. I am, therefore, a hundred and seventeen years old. I still bear in mind the battle of Vienna, and the days of John Sobieski. I imagined they would never be reproduced; but assuredly I expected less to have seen the days of Alexander revived.

"My great age has drawn upon me the bounty of all the sovereigns who have been here, and I claim that of the great Napoleon, being, at my advanced age, incapable of work.

"May you live, sire, as long as myself; your glory does not require it, but the happiness of mankind demands it."

"NAROCKI."

It was in 1807 that this appeal was made to him, and it was made by the petitioner

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in person. The man of three centuries stood before him. Napoleon surveyed him with interest. It was a fine theme for solemn meditation, and might well reconcile a beholder to the warrior's destiny. Here he saw, in the suppliant for charity, what might be looked for from lengthened days, and saw that

"Protracted life is but protracted woe."

Pity touched his heart; the old man's suit was eminently successful, for Bonaparte immediately granted him a pension of a hundred napoleons, and caused the first year to be paid in advance. At what period Marocki

"Shuffled off this mortal coil."

we have no account. Doubtless he has long since paid the debt of nature. Were he now living his years would be no fewer than a hundred and forty-five.

THE CELEBRATED BAYARD.

This celebrated Frenchman, whose name appears above, enjoyed a great reputation for courage and superior intelligence. We take the following interesting passages of his life from the new part of that eminently interesting work, "The Historic Gallery":—

Pierre du Terrail Bayard makes a conspicuous figure in the annals of France, as a great commander, but is more honoured still for the nobleness of his mind and his piety. He was born in the year 1478. At an early age he embraced the profession of arms, and in 1495 marched with a French army into Italy. Bayard shared in the laurels gained by the conquest of Naples. His courage fixed attention on him wherever he moved, but he was especially distinguished at the battle of Fornoue. The services rendered by his sword under Charles VIII., were continued in the wars of Louis XII. In every case his career appears to have been marked by extraordinary generosity, and a contempt for gold. Having assisted at the capture of Milan, he declined receiving a rich present of plate, offered by many of the Milanese towns to win the clemency of the French generals.

Placed in the most perilous situations, the courage and presence of mind of Bayard, never failed him. In a battle fought within the limits of the kingdom of Naples in 1601, his position was likened to that of *Cocles*, and alone, on a narrow bridge, he is said to have bid defiance to the fury of two hundred assailants. When the city of Bresse fell, he received in the course of the operations, a severe wound.

His religious impressions, which it will be seen, he retained till his last hour, led him always in such a case, to press the hilt of his sword, as representing the cross of our Saviour, to his lips. Here, however, he performed, besides, an act of heroic virtue, which proved the disinterestedness of his ambition and the purity of his mind. A sum of two thousand pistoles was sent to him by his host, in grateful acknowledgement of his having saved the place from being pillaged by his soldiers; he divided the sum into two parts, and gave them to the two daughters of the syndic, by whose hands it had been presented.

On one occasion it is recorded of him, that the Duke Malvezzo,—who had been in the habit of falling on straggling parties of his men, incautiously advanced with a hundred armed followers, and two hundred well mounted Albanians—fell into a trap which he had prepared for him. Bayard, with his little band of "brave devils who feared naught," cut off their retreat. Broad ditches on each side of the road precluded escape, and all save the duke and twenty or thirty of his men, more desperate than the rest, who leaped the ditches after a fierce conflict, were forced to yield. One hundred and seventy were disarmed, and the Chevalier had the glory of carrying back to the camp a greater number of prisoners than he had men to escort them. At the news of this triumph, one potentate is said to have exclaimed, "Happy is the king who has such a subject. Had I a dozen Bayards, Alexander the Great would be a baby to me."

The piety which many of the French officers professed outwardly to reverence, did not prevent them from commonly falling into the most reprehensible excesses. Libertinism was thought to trench but little on the duties imposed by religion. Bayard could not altogether hold himself above the love of pleasure; but in one celebrated instance, he furnished a sublime example of the mastery which reflection and benevolence may gain over passion. Being at Grenoble, a young female of exquisite beauty attracted his attention, and circumstances favoured the views, which at first sight, he was led to entertain. It was made known to him that her mother would not be indisposed to second his advances to an acquaintance with this female, and in fact, moved by poverty or avarice, she was content to sell her daughter's charms. The consent of the latter was thought of no moment, and the depraved parent actually forced her to suffer herself, after the bargain was concluded, to be taken to the abode of Bayard, and the wretched mother contentedly received the price of her child's dishonour.

Left alone with the Chevalier, coldly do-

serted by her natural protector, the poor girl in her despair appealed to the honour of the purchaser, and did not appeal in vain. Throwing herself on her knees before him, "You, sir," said she, "I hope, will not degrade yourself by injuring the unfortunate victim of misery. You will not seek to destroy that virtue of which your gallant nature and high character ought to make you the firm defender. I implore you to spare me." The appeal made a powerful impression on his heart. Though in that moment her beauty was more dazzling than ever, Bayard did not hesitate long on the course which it was the duty of a brave man to pursue. Having gazed on her for some moments, he replied in a soothing tone, "Rise, fair one. Dismiss your alarm. In me you will not find a destroyer. You shall leave my house as prudent, as virtuous, as you entered, and happier besides." He then conducted her to an apartment where she might remain for the night unmolested and alone, and on the following morning he sent for her mother, whom he sharply reproved for the unworthy part she had acted. He, however, was not content again to place her in hands so little to be trusted, and secured six hundred francs to the daughter as a marriage portion, having found that she had a lover who was willing to make her his wife. Nor was this all: he added the handsome donation of one hundred crowns to buy her dresses, and cover the expenses of celebrating her union with the man to whom she was attached. "Thus," exclaims his biographer, "did the good Chevalier change vice into virtue."

In 1513, war raged between France and this country. After the victory gained at Guinegate, commonly called "the Battle of Spurs," by the English, Bayard covered the retreat, and greatly served the cause of his king in very difficult circumstances, and against superior numbers. In the end, however, valour proved unavailing, and he with his companions in arms were compelled to surrender. Yet even in this extremity, he showed himself no common man. In becoming a prisoner his conduct was marked by equal courage and policy. At some distance he perceived an English officer, whose costly armour proved him to be a person of consequence, who seeing the enemy routed, cared not further to exert himself to make prisoners, and had, therefore, seated himself on the ground to rest, his arms thrown aside. Riding up to him, Bayard leaped from his horse, and presenting the point of his sword to his throat, called out in a menacing tone, "Surrender instantly, or you are a dead man." In the confusion of the moment the Englishman could only suppose that Bayard was at the head of a reinforcement which had

come to the assistance of the French, and incapable of resistance, he gave up his sword, and desired to know the name of his captor. "Sir," said he, in a softened voice, "I am the Captain de Bayard. Your sword I beg now to return with my own, and make myself your prisoner."

The surprise of the officer was great, as well as the pleasure he experienced when the circumstance was explained. He courteously received the mark of submission tendered by the stranger, and took him to the English camp. Some days afterwards, the Chevalier wished to be allowed to withdraw, that he might return to his countrymen. "But wher," inquired the English officer, "is your ransom?" "And where," demanded the Chevalier, "is yours? I made you my prisoner, and I had your word of surrender before you had mine." This reasoning did not satisfy the officer to whom it was addressed, and the case was brought before the emperor and the king of England for adjudication, who, after hearing both sides, decided that neither was bound to give ransom to the other.

In 1514, the chevalier became lieutenant-general of Dauphiny, and in the following year, at the battle of Marignano, he had the singular honour of conferring knighthood on his sovereign. The day had been marked by tremendous slaughter. Nothing could surpass the fury with which the Swiss fought, but the *Bull of Uri*, and the *Cow of Unterwalden*, those martial instruments, whose note has so often led them to victory, were that day sounded but to herald defeat. Overjoyed with the triumph he had won, the young king, Francis I, who had now ascended the throne, desired to be knighted on the field of battle, and by the poor knight Bayard, then distinguished as the warrior *sans peur* and *sans reproche*. Such a distinction he shrunk from, and humbly begged to decline it, but the majesty of France would not be denied, and at length, drawing his sword, "Valiant as Roland or Olivier, or Godfrey Baudouin his brother certainly," the Chevalier exclaimed, "You are the first prince who was ever thus admitted to the honour of knighthood. God grant that in war you may never be seen to fly." Then looking on his sword, he exultingly addressed the weapon in the enthusiasm of the moment, "You, my trusty blade, are most happy since you have this day given to so powerful and virtuous a king the order of chivalry. As surely, my good sword, you shall be preserved as a treasured relic, and honoured above all others; nor shall you ever be drawn but against Saracens, Turks, and Moors." He then leaped for joy, and sheathed his weapon.

To him the defence of Mezieres was subsequently confided. The fortifications were

not what they ought to have been; but the Chevalier successfully defended it for six weeks, against an enemy 40,000 strong, with 4,000 horse. It had at first been decided to burn the place, as it was not thought sufficiently strong to sustain a siege. Bayard opposed that resolution, telling the king that "no place could be weak, which was defended by men of courage."

Court intrigues had alienated the Constable de Bourbon from the king, and induced him to listen to overtures made to him by the emperor, Charles V., in consequence of which he was soon found in the ranks of the enemies of France. Half Europe, including Austria, Spain and England, combined against her. Prospero Colonna, Pescara, and the Constable de Bourbon, commanded on the opposite host. The storm which threatened France, seemed too great to be resisted. Bonnivet, who had invaded the Milanese territory, was compelled to retreat before the enemy. His rear-guard was defiling over the bridge of Romania, when he was fiercely attacked by De Bourbon, was himself wounded in the arm, and obliged to be carried from the field. The command of the army then devolved upon Bayard, and there he was fated to lose his life, and by that weapon which had always been the subject of his indignant murmurs—the arquebus, which he disliked, as it interfered with the ancient practice of fighting hand to hand which was dear to him as a lover of chivalry. A shot from an arquebus broke his vertebrae. He was soon aware of his inevitable fate, and prepared to meet it with the courage of a soldier, and the meekness of a Christian. He addressed his prayers to heaven, and then being placed at the foot of a tree, he desired that his face might be turned towards the imperialists, "Because," said he, "having never, in the course of my life, turned my back to an enemy, it would not be well that I should do so in my last moments." To the king he sent a message that "The only regret he felt at leaving life was, that it precluded him from longer having the honour to serve his majesty." Then raising his sword before him, and regarding it as a crucifix, he abandoned all earthly cares, and desired but to fix his thoughts on eternity.

The dying Chevalier was thus engaged when the victorious De Bourbon approached the spot where he reclined. For him the Constable had always owned great respect, and he was really grieved to see his old companion in arms bleeding, and on the point of breathing his last. With this feeling he addressed him in a soothing tone, saying, "Bayard, I am deeply affected at seeing you in this hopeless state." "I," said Bayard, "am not to be pitied—as a good man I die on the field of honour, but you

are to be pitied; you, a Frenchman, who wear upon your shoulders the livery of Spain, stained by French blood; false to your oath, your honour, and your king." He died a few moments afterwards. With him the courage of the French army seemed to expire, and though they were speedily reinforced, they could not be brought again to face the enemy. He fell in 1523, and in the forty-eighth year of his age. He was deeply regretted by all the army. Many officers and men went to the enemy's camp to look on the remains, and in honour of their devotion for their distinguished captain, they were allowed to do so without being made prisoners. His corpse was embalmed and transported to Grenoble, his native city. Friends and enemies vied with each other to do him honour, that it might be presumed, if contemporary opinions are to be relied upon,

"That ne'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A purer spirit or more gentle shade."

DR. WOLFF AND THE CAPTIVES IN BOKHARA.

The *Delhi Gazette* of October 8, contains the following remarkable particulars of the account given by the khan of Bokhara himself of the circumstances which led to the execution of Stoddart and Connolly. Ibrahim, who makes the report, is stated by the editor of the above paper to be the person who brought the notes from Dr. Wolff, which were published some time ago:—

"It is reported by Ibrahim, who had been sent to Bokhara by Conolly Saheb, magistrate of Bareilly, and who has arrived in Peshawur, that Dr. Wolff Saheb, who had brought a vakeel from the Shah of Iran and letters from the king of Room, or Sultan Abd-ool-Musheed, to the address of the king of Bokhara, had reached that capital. The doctor was accompanied thither by some of his own servants and some suwars and people belonging to the king of Iran. Dr. Wolff presented the letters to the king of Bokhara, and asked him why he had murdered the vakeels of the king of Inglistan without a cause. The king of Bokhara replied that he had never murdered any vakeel belonging to the king of Inglistan. Neither of the Feringhees who had been put to death had any paper or sunnud from their king, showing that they were vakeels. Three years ago a Feringhee, named Stoddart Saheb, had arrived in Bokhara, who did all he could to prevent its being known that he was a Feringhee, and hid himself as long as he could. Subsequently, I, the king, learnt that there was a Feringhee hid

in my town, under these circumstances, on hearing which, I immediately sent for him, and inquired of him who he was, and why he had come to Bokhara? Stoddart Saheb told me in reply that he was a traveller wishing to see the country, and did not disguise that he was a Feringhee. I, the king, immediately ordered him to be thrown into prison. After this the Ameers of my court represented it was dangerous to keep a man under such circumstances in the country, but that if Stoddart Saheb would agree to become a Mussulman, the case would be altered; but if he remained as a christian, either in or out of prison, evil would arise. I, the king of Bokhara, therefore, sent for him, and told him that if he would become a convert to the holy faith he should be released, and might live where he pleased in Bokhara, where, no doubt, he would make many friends, and I would be one of them. Stoddart Saheb on this agreed to the proposal, and expressed his readiness to be a Mussulman. Some time after this event, another Feringhee, named Conolly Saheb, arrived in Bokhara, and stated that he was an Elchee of Shah Shujah. But he had no sunnud from the Shah, nor could he prove by other means that he was an Elchee, and being summoned to attend my durbar, which he did, had took up his dwelling with Stoddart Saheb. They then began, both of them, to enter into correspondence with the Ameers of Furung, concerning the affairs of Bokhara. Stoddart Saheb also, when Conolly Saheb went to live with him, forsook the Mahomedan religion, and returned to his own faith. On my discovering this, I sent for all the Ulemas and Moulvies of my country, and submitted to them a question to the following effect: supposing a person has been converted to the Mahomedan from the Koofur religion, and the same person some time subsequently renounced the faith of Islam, what punishment is he liable to? The Ulemas replied that, agreeably to the Sheru Shereef, he was deserving of death. After this sentence had been pronounced by the Ulemas I still kept Stoddart Saheb in prison for some time, thinking he might be a Vakeel of the king of England; and instituted strict inquiries to find this out. But all my inquiries proved fruitless, and I was at last obliged to give an order for his execution. When Stoddart Saheb was about being put to death, I asked of Conolly Saheb if he would become a convert to the Mahomedan religion, stating to him, that if he would do this his life should be spared, but on his refusing to renounce his faith, I ordered him also to be put to death.'

"Dr. Wolff Saheb then asked for the bones of both the Feringhees who had been put to death, as he could distinguish them

from the bones of other people. The king of Bokhara then directed the Jullads (executioners) who had carried the sentence into execution, to produce the bones of the two Feringhees, and delivered them to the doctor. The Jullads thereupon brought twice or three times the bones of some other people, but the doctor said he knew they were not the right bones. The fourth time the Jullads brought the bones of both the Feringhees, and the doctor immediately said they were the right ones, on which he took them, and deposited them in a box. A gentleman of the name of Hert Saheb, who was in Afghanistan, in the regiment of Sher Bazan, who had come via Peshawur and Cabul in the disguise of Moolah, is also at Bokhara. He observed all the customs of the Mahomedans after he quitted Peshawur, and said his prayers regularly five times a day, and always stood as an Imam in the different masques which he visited. He reached Bokhara many days before Dr. Wolff, and openly joined the doctor and the vakeel of the king of Iran when they arrived, and attended them to the durbar, conversing freely with the king. Water used to be brought three times a month to Bokhara from the river Amoo, but since Dr. Wolff and his attendants have arrived, water is brought ten times a month. Dr. Wolff goes to the king in a very independent manner, and has given out that he means to remain a whole year, being provided with the protection of the powerful sovereigns of Room and Iran. He says he will prove before he goes away, that the two Feringhees were vakeels to the king of England, and that they were registered as such in the proper offices. Naib Abdool-Summad Khan was privately very kind to Dr. Wolff and to the vakeel. He is one of the great Ameers, and he was appointed to command the army of Bokhara."

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguerite," &c.

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CHAPTER XIII—continued.

Dagobert finding that there were four windows, two of which barred with iron, did not know the two rooms occupied by the young girls."

Agricola returned, saying. "It undoubtedly was the wind that shut the gate. I

have opened it again, and placed a stone against it to prevent its shutting; but we must make haste."

"But how are we to know the windows of the room where these poor children are," said Dagobert. "To knock at the wrong one might spoil all."

"How distressing," said Agricola; "to be under their windows, and not able to do anything."

"I shall call out their names," said the soldier. "It is not likely that they sleep much, and therefore will hear my voice."

"But if the guard hear you, alarm will be given. I have it—I have it," added Agricola, after a moment's silence. "The Mayeux said that Mademoiselle de Cardoville made signs to the young girls from the window under the balcony; she, therefore, knows where they are confined. Give me the pinchers; I shall easily get a couple of boards out of this fence."

Agricola succeeded in withdrawing three of the boards, then, turning to his father, he said, "You must remain, and keep a close watch."

Agricola approached the window, looked in, and saw a light which proceeded from an adjoining room. Thinking that Mademoiselle de Cardoville had not retired to rest, he tapped at the window. At the expiration of a few seconds the young lady appeared, holding a small lamp in her hand, which she placed on the table. Agricola, afraid of frightening her, knocked again gently, at the same time calling out, "It is Agricola Baudoin."

These words reached Adrienne, who, immediately recollecting the conversation that she had had with the Mayeux, and thinking that Dagobert and Agricola had come to the convent to rescue the orphans, ran to the window and recognised the blacksmith.

"Oh, Mademoiselle," said Agricola, as soon as the window was opened, "there's no time to lose. Count Mortbron is not in Paris. My father and I have come here to deliver you."

"Thank you, thank you," said Adrienne. "But first of all see to the safety of the daughters of Marshal Simon."

"Yes; we will see to them. I wish to know the rooms in which they are confined."

"The one is on the first story, with the window looking to the left of the garden, and the other is above it."

"They are saved, then," cried the blacksmith.

"Time presses. Only think of delivering those poor children. It is of no importance whether I remain a night or two longer here or not."

"On the contrary, Mademoiselle; it is of the greatest importance that you leave to-

night. A fortune depends upon it; there's no longer a doubt."

"What do you say?"

"I have no time to enter into particulars, Mademoiselle; but I beseech you to leave this place. I will go for my pincers, then, to wrench two of these bars will be easy."

"The door of the chamber is only locked. You could break it open easier. But go first and secure the orphans, then return for me. I will not forget the danger you have run for my sake."

"Thanks for your information, we are sure to succeed. I shall return in a few minutes."

Scarcely had Agricola left than she thought she perceived a human form gliding up the pathway, and hiding amongst the bushes. She called to Agricola, but he did not hear her.

"All is right," said Agricola, on joining his father, "the girls are on the first and second floors."

"We shall soon see," said Dagobert; "get upon my shoulder, Agricola, tap at the window with this rod, and then I shall call upon them."

"It is your Dagobert," struck upon the ear of Rose Simon, who started to the window; but, before she had lifted it two shots were fired, accompanied with the cries of "the guard—the guard."

The orphan remained petrified and confused. She saw by the faint light of the moon several men struggling together, whilst the furious barking of Rabat-joie was heard above the repeated cries of "Guard—guard—thieves—assassins."

CHAPTER XIV.—THE EVE OF AN EVENTFUL DAY.

About two hours before the preceding events had occurred in the convent of St. Mary, Rodin and the Abbé d'Aigrigny were seated in the apartment, in the Rue du Milieu des Ursins.

The Abbé, at the time of the Revolution of July, fearing that the Jesuits might be driven from the magnificent establishment that had been granted them at the Restoration, had removed the secret correspondence of his Order to this apartment.

Rodin was dressed in his usual mean clothing, and was unassumingly fulfilling the humble duty of a secretary, under which, as has already been seen, was concealed the more important one of keeping a vigilant watch over the conduct of his superior, in all his proceedings, no matter however trivial, and of transmitting an accurate account of them to Rome. Notwithstanding his habitual self-control, he now exhibited signs of uneasiness; and his replies to the questions of his superior, were much more brief than customary.

"Has anything favourable happened during my absence?" inquired the Abbé.

"Yes," replied Rodin. "But before I inform your reverence, I must first apprise you that Morok arrived here two days ago."

"Indeed!" said the Abbé, quite surprised. "I thought he had received orders to proceed to the south, where he might be of essential service, for the Protestants are rising, and it is feared that a reaction against the Catholics will take place."

"I am not aware," said Rodin, "whether private reasons have induced him to change his course or not; all that I have been able to learn is, that he is going to exhibit here."

"He might," replied the Abbé, "render much greater service amongst the religious and ignorant populace of the south than he can render here."

"He is now below waiting to kiss the hand of your reverence."

"That is impossible! You know how this evening must be spent. Have you sent to the Rue St. Francis?"

"Yes, the notary informed the old Jewish guardian, that at six o'clock to-morrow morning, the masons will pull down the wall that blocks up the entrance to the house, which will, for the first time during one hundred and fifty years, then be opened."

The Abbé remained silent for a minute, then said, "On the eve of so important an event, nothing must be neglected. Read again the copy of the note that was placed in the archives of our Society a century and a half ago."

Rodin then took a paper out of his desk, and read as follows:—"On this day, February the 19th, 1682, the reverend father Bourdoir sent the following notice:—A great secret has been revealed by a dying man, to one of our order. M. Marius de Rennepon, one of the most active and formidable chiefs of the reformed religion, and the bitterest foe of our Society, had, for the sole object of saving this property, which had been confiscated, on account of his religion, re-entered the pale of our holy church. Proofs of this having been furnished by several members of our Society his majesty, Louis XIV, confiscated the property of the said Rennepon, and condemned him to the galleys, which punishment he evaded by committing suicide, and for this abominable crime his body was thrown to the dogs. Having explained this, we now come to a secret that deeply affects the future welfare of our Society. When his majesty confiscated the property of Rennepon, he, in his paternal kindness for the church, and for our Order in particular, granted it to us, as a reward for the assistance we had given in unmasking the apostate.

It has, however, just been discovered that a house in the Rue St. Francis, No. 3, Paris, and 50,000 crowns have been kept back; from which it follows that our Society has been defrauded. The house, owing to the culpable connivance of one of the friends of Rennepon, who pretended to purchase it before the latter had forfeited his property, has been walled round, and is, according to the will of the reprobate, not to be opened for a century and a half. As to the money it has been placed out at interest, but in whose hands we have not been able to discover, and at the expiration of one hundred and fifty years, by which time it will, by means of the interest, have increased enormously, it is to be divided among the descendants of Rennepon. This apostate has from motives that we are ignorant of, but which he has explained in his will, concealed from his family all knowledge of the money that he has put out at interest; but he has enjoined them to endeavour to transmit to their offspring, from generation to generation, his desire, that at the expiration of one hundred and fifty years, his surviving descendants should assemble in the Rue St. Francis, on the 13th of January, 1832, and in order that this should not be forgotten, he has commissioned some one whose condition is unknown, but of whom we possess a description, to cast bronze medals with his wish engraven on them, and to cause each member of his family to be supplied with one of them; which precaution is the more necessary as, from some hidden motives, that it is supposed he has explained in his will, he has bound his descendants that may survive to appear in the Rue St. Francis at the appointed hour, under pain of forfeiting all claim to his property. The person appointed to distribute the medals is a tall man about thirty years of age, with black bushy eye-brows, and a countenance expressive of pride and melancholy. His name is Joseph, and he is strongly suspected of being an emissary of the republicans of the seven provinces. It plainly appears therefore, that we have been defrauded, and it is our duty, by every means in our power to compel complete restitution, until which, the curse of Cain will rest on the descendants of the apostate Rennepon."

Rodin stopped reading, and said to the Abbé—

"Now follows the history of this family, from 1682 up to the present, which it would be useless to read to your reverence."

"Yes, quite so," replied the Abbé. "But there is yet one thing that causes me considerable uneasiness."

"What is that?" asked Rodin.

"I was thinking of the information that we have in vain endeavoured to obtain from the guardian of the house in the Rue St.

Francis. Has another attempt been made?"—"Yes, but with no better success. However, the old Jew is almost childish, and his wife is very little better."

"When I think," said the Abbé, "that the house has been always guarded by the family of the Samuels, I cannot believe but that some of them knew in whose hands the money was placed. Who knows whether it will be given up to-morrow or not? The nearer the decisive moment approaches, the more my anxiety increases, and yet, have I not done everything in my power to insure success?" This question was addressed to Rodin, but he returned no answer.

The Abbé looked at him with surprise, and said, "Don't you think I have done all that it was possible to do?"

Rodin bowed respectfully, but still remained silent.

"If you think," continued the Abbé, "I have omitted anything tell me, there is yet time."

"I dare not offer an opinion on this subject," replied Rodin, humbly.

The Abbé shrugged his shoulders, and reproached himself for having asked counsel of his secretary, whom he considered a mere machine, possessing only three qualities—memory, accuracy, and discretion.

CHAPTER XV.—THE STRANGLER.

After the lapse of a few moments, the Abbé broke silence by saying, "Read the reports of the day concerning each member of this family," which Rodin did as follows: "James Rennepong, surnamed *Couche-tout-Nu*, was seen this evening at eight o'clock in the debtor's gaol."

"He will not trouble us to-morrow. Read on."

"The superior of the Convent of St. Mary, having received some information from the Princess de St. Dizier, caused Rose and Blanche Simon to be locked up in their cells at nine o'clock this evening, and she has placed a strong guard in the convent garden to keep watch all the night."

"Nothing is to be feared either from that quarter. Continue."

"Doctor Baleinier, having also received a warning from the Princess, caused the door of the pavilion in which Mademoiselle de Cardoville is confined to be locked and bolted at a quarter to nine this evening."

"Go on."

"As to M. Hardy," continued Rodin, "I have received a letter this morning from M. de Bressac, the intimate friend of Hardy, who aided us so dexterously in sending the manufacturer out of the way for a few days. In this letter is enclosed one from M. Hardy, addressed to a friend, which Bressac has forwarded to us, in the hope

that we will, for this service, give up the papers that place him in our power. M. Hardy's letter runs thus:"

"Toulouse, Feb. 10th.

"My dear Sir—I have at last found a few minutes to explain the cause of my sudden departure, and also to ask a favour of you. I have often spoken to you of M. de Bressac, who you are aware was one of the comrades of my youth. A few days ago he sent me a letter from Toulouse, couched in the following terms:

"If you love me come; I stand in need of your aid. Perhaps your consolation may create in me a desire to live. If you should arrive too late, think of him who to his latest hour was your best friend."

"You can easily judge of my distress. I immediately ordered horses. The foreman of my factory, an old man whom I highly esteem, who is the father of Marshal Simon, hearing that I was going to the south, asked to go with me, to which I readily acceded. When I arrived at Toulouse, I was told that Bressac had departed the night before, with fire arms in his possession, in a state of the most violent despair. Having, at the end of two days, received tidings of him, I instantly set off in quest of him, and after a good deal of trouble I at length found him at a small village, in the most lamentable state of mind conceivable. I offered all the consolation that friendship could suggest, and thinking that a change of scene might be of use to him, I proposed going to Nice, whether we intend to proceed to-morrow, so that I shall not be in Paris before the end of March. As to the service I have to ask of you, it is conditional. It appears, according to some papers belonging to my mother's family, that I am interested in appearing at Paris, in the Rue St. Francis, No. 3, on the 13th of February. As I shall not be able to be present, I have written to my foreman, whom I left in the department of Cremé, desiring him to go there, not as my representative, but only to observe what takes place. But as it is possible that he may be too late, I would be much obliged to you, should he not arrive in time, if you would go in his stead.

"FRANCIS HARDY."

"Although," said the Abbé, "the presence of Marshal Simon's father, to-morrow, at the opening of the house, cannot be of much importance, still it would be better not to have him there. Hardy is however safely removed. We have now only the young Indian. It was wisely done to allow M. Norval to carry the presents of Mademoiselle de Cardoville to this prince. The presence of the doctor, chosen by Baleinier, to accompany M. Norval, will not excite suspicion, therefore we have nothing to fear from the prince."

"As to Gabriel," said Rodin, "he has again solicited an interview with your reverence."

"I will hear him to-morrow, on our way to the Rue St. Francis, where I hope we shall be triumphant."

At this moment a knock was heard at the door, and a servant, dressed in black, entered, and informed Rodin that some one below wished to speak with him on urgent business.

"Did he give his name?" inquired the Abbé.

"No, but he says he has been sent by M. Josué, a merchant in the island of Java."

Rodin and the Abbé exchanged a glance of surprise, mixed with alarm. The Abbé then retired by a side door, and in a few minutes after, Faranghea, the chief of the Stranglers entered.

Rodin instantly recognised him as the person he had seen at the Chateau de Cordoville; but, not wishing to let it appear that he did so, he took a slip of paper, and wrote a few words on it.

"Sir," said the servant, "here is the person that inquired for you."

Rodin folded his note, and delivered it to the servant, desiring him to carry it to where it was addressed, and bring him back an answer. He then fixed his basilisk eyes on Faranghea, and courteously said, "To whom have I the honour of addressing myself, Sir?"

CHAPTER XVI.—THE BROTHERS OF THE GOOD WORK.

Faranghea, who was an Indian by birth, had travelled a great deal, spoke English and French fluently, and was remarkable for his intelligence and sagacity.

Instead of directly answering Rodin's question, he fixed upon him a penetrating look. Rodin seemed troubled and embarrassed; but, soon summoning up his accustomed *sang froid*, he demanded, in a firm voice—

"To whom, Sir, have I the honour of speaking?"

"You do not know me, then?"

"I do not know, Sir, that I ever had the honour of seeing you before."

"But I know you," said Faranghea, "I saw you at the Chateau de Cordoville the day that two vessels were wrecked. And that day I called you by your name, and you asked me what I wished, and I said nothing now, brother, but much hereafter. The time is come. Do you know the handwriting of M. Josué? Look there," he added, after drawing from his pocket the packet which he had taken from the smuggler.

"That is, indeed, M. Josué's writing," said Rodin, extending his hand for the let-

ter, which Faranghea again placed quietly in his pocket.

"Permit me to tell you, my dear sir, that you fulfil your commission in a strange manner. This letter bears my address, and no doubt it was confided to you by M. Josué."

"It was not confided to me by Josué. A smuggler betrayed me, for which he secured a free passage to Europe. I strangled the smuggler, took his papers, and now behold me."

Faranghea thought that this declaration would frighten Rodin; the latter, however, said, in his usual calmness, "They strangle people in Java, do they?"

"Aye, and elsewhere," said Faranghea, with a bitter smile.

"You seem to be very candid, sir. What is your name?"

"Faranghea."

"Well, M. Faranghea, what is your intention? You acknowledge having committed an atrocious crime; you have stolen a letter addressed to me, and now you refuse to give me it."

"Because I have read the letter, and find that it will serve my purpose. From it I learnt that you, like me, are a son of the Good Work."

"Of what good work do you speak?" demanded Rodin, in astonishment.

"In this letter," said Faranghea, with an expression of bitter irony, Josué says—"Obedience and courage, secrecy and patience, trickery, audacity, and union between us, who have for our country the world, for our family those of our Order, and for our queen, Rome."

"It is possible that M. Josué writes these words; but what conclusions do you draw from them?"

"Our work have like yours, brother, the world for country; like yours, for family our associates, and for queen, Bohawnie; so Rome and Bohawnie are sisters."

"And who is this Bohawnie—what are her sons, and what have they in view?"

"Her sons are bold, resolute men, who for the Good Work sacrifice country, father, mother, sister, brother; who look upon all who do not belong to them as enemies, and whose end is like yours—the extinction of life."

"The extinction of life!" exclaimed Rodin.

"Yes, brother; you kill the soul—we destroy the body: you are then like us—hunters of men."

"But I tell you M. Josué speaks of killing man's desires—inclinations."

"And what is the body deprived of the soul, if not a corpse. Come, come, brother, the deaths caused by our cords are not more effective than those made by your dis-

cipline. Let us then conclude, that Rome and Bohawnie are sisters."

"Without doubt," said Rodin, after a long pause, "the resemblance between Rome and Bohawnie is rather striking. But the result, Sir?"

"I wish to show you, brother, what I am, and what I am capable of doing, in order to convince you that it is better to have my friendship than my enmity."

"On what terms, Sir?" said Rodin, with a disdainful look. "You tell me that you belong to a tribe of murderers. Well, then let me tell you, with due submission, M. Faringhea, that whatever is permitted in India, I assure you that no strangling is allowed here; and that if you take away the life of any one for the love of Bohawnie, your divinity, you will have your head chopped off for the love of another divinity, vulgarly called Justice."

"And what would they do to me if I attempted to poison any one," demanded Faringhea, fixing his keen eye upon Rodin.

"I have no time to go through a whole course of jurisprudence. Only take my advice: neither try to kill nor poison any one. Now give me M. Josue's correspondence, or leave me."

"Ah, brother, in a few minutes you will beseech me to remain,"

"I doubt it, Sir."

"A few words will have the effect. When I spoke to you of poisoning, brother, it was to bring to your recollection that you had sent a doctor to the Château de Cardoville, to poison Djalmal."

Rodin, in spite of himself, betrayed signs of inward emotion.

A knock at the door interrupted the conversation. "Come in," cried Rodin.

"I delivered the note you gave me, and here is the answer," said the servant, on entering.

"Will you excuse me, Sir?"

"Certainly, certainly," answered Faringhea.

"You are very obliging."

Rodin opened the letter, read it, then writing a few words underneath, said to the servant, "Take this to the same party."

(To be continued.)

THE ABORIGINES OF SWAN RIVER.

The habits and peculiarities of uncivilized communities are at all times strikingly curious, and not without considerable interest, as affording a convincing illustration of the cruel and selfish tendency of the human heart, when unaided and uncontrolled by the refinements and usages of civilised society. An undoubted evidence in favour of this position is afforded in some

ably drawn "Sketches of the Aborigines of Australia," by G. F. Moore, which appeared in the *Colonial Magazine* of 1841.

Among many graphic incidents of native customs and prejudices, the author details an incident confirmatory of the cruel and exterminating effects of their belief in the existence of a magical influence called "Boleah," with which they suppose certain members of their community to be possessed. The unfortunate possessors of this mystic charm are supposed to be gifted, not only with curative powers in all diseases, but with the far more dangerous power of inflicting diseases, and even death, should their anger or revenge prompt them to such severities.

The exercise of such fatal influence being supposed to have caused the death of a man in the Murray district, the people of Guildford were at once denounced as the agents in this iniquitous deed, and from the connection of the deceased with the neighbouring tribe of Perth, their aid was solicited to revenge it. Assisted by this reinforcement, the whole body proceeded to the district in question where, meeting with a man named Bogau, an unerring arm drove a spear through his back, wheeling him round with its force, while another immediately reached his breast, and, thus transfixed, the unhappy wretch became the object of their cruel vengeance, which was not satiated until their ill-fated victim, sinking from agony and exhaustion, was supported from falling by the spears which had pierced his body in every part. Enduring these torments with heroic fortitude he exclaimed, "O spirit of my father, see!" "O brothers, avenge my death!" while the weapons on which he was impaled were tearing his flesh. Yielding to the weight of his body he rolled to the ground a lifeless corpse. There his mangled remains were left, while the whole of that night was spent by his friends in bitter lamentations over the grave to which they had consigned his body.

The work of vengeance did not, however, rest here, for, encountering Weenat, the step-son of the deceased Bogau, they immediately prepared to execute their cruel purpose on him. One of the party running forward, pressed him to his breast, while his uplifted hands and heart-rending shouts of grief proclaimed the sad intelligence which was whispered in his ear. Then dragging him to a neighbouring thicket, his life was soon forfeited to their wretched superstition. Their thirst for blood being not yet appeased, nine unflinching weapons were hurled at an unoffending old man named Burragind, whom chance had thrown across their path. His spirit was yielded without a groan; and thus ended the sanguinary work, which, doubt-

less, ere the last echo of mournful wailings for the dead had passed away, was followed by retributive vengeance from the friends of the departed.

The habits of these savages in obtaining their wives, offer great scope for the humanising effects of civilisation. Betrothed in infancy, inheritance from a deceased relative, gift or purchase, spoil in warfare, or stratagem, are the usual conditions and means resorted to. The following case of purchase from a friend which came under the author's own observation, is so characteristically narrated that any abridgement would considerably diminish its effect:—

"Weenat, though a very young man, was possessed of two wives, Nanieen and Eoleigiane; when, suffering under a long illness from a spear wound in his knee, he purchased the assistance and protection of Derrapwirt, at the price of his younger wife. Polygamy is common among them, and, whether from this cause or from a natural inequality of the sexes, there exists a less equal division in this respect than is considered satisfactory. Hence many troubles arise, and this is the most frequent source of broils, duels, and bloodshed. A mutual attachment sometimes springs up between parties of so strong and so enduring a nature, as to bid defiance to the most cruel severity, and to survive the most carefully-managed separations both of distance and time. The man seems to devote his life to accomplish the abduction, whilst the woman seems to live but for the purpose of watching for, and taking advantage of the opportunity of elopement. Maul Dauban crept silently at night along the ground, and twisted a spear in the hair of Garne-nion; she recognised the singular warning, and handed over Ghears weapon to her lover, who then pinned down poor Ghears to the earth by a spear driven through his thigh, and deliberately walked off with the woman as the reward of his treachery. Yet this did not trouble the other natives much. Ghears had obtained this woman in nearly a similar manner upon a former occasion, and the whole affair was looked upon as a mere ordinary matter to be settled between them. But even more serious results sometimes attend these affairs. When the worst passions gain the mastery, who can say how far they will carry their slaves. A violent attachment existed between Tomghin and Yualong, one of the women of Dauban, which had frequently been the occasion of hostilities between the two men. One day, being aroused by an unusual sound of strife, I saw a woman rush towards the house, and take sanctuary in the kitchen. She was closely followed by three men, brandishing their spears, and looking greatly excited. I found Dauban and Weeap bleeding profusely from reci-

procal wounds in' their thighs. Tomghin was present, but unhurt; in the kitchen the poor mother was moaning over her wounded child: a misdirected spear had pierced the infant on her back, and it was easy to perceive from the glassy fixedness of the eye that it had received a mortal injury. An interesting little girl, about eleven years of age, called Monican, sat cowering in a corner, trembling with evident anxiety and alarm. This poor girl was betrothed to Weban, but his harshness, and the cruelty of his old and ordinary wife, had driven her to seek protection and sympathy from one of her own sex, and to repose a most fatally misplaced confidence on Yualong. Meantime all the party had disappeared but Duaban, who called my attention to his wounds, pointing out that it had gone nearly through his thigh, and wished me to cut it through on the other side; at his urgent intreaty I opened it freely with a lancet, when he forced the blood out, and seemed to gain relief; I then tied a ligature slightly above the wound, and in this state he set out, and compelled the woman to follow him notwithstanding her lamentation and remonstrance; they formed a remarkable group—the weeping mother, the wounded father, the dying infant, the agitated girl. Whilst I was yet looking at them, a figure sprang from behind a tree, and hurled his spears at Duaban, so close at hand, and with such rapidity, that escape seemed impossible. One spear seemed to stand out from his body, as if it had transfixed him through and through; but the man had caught it in passing between his arm and his side, and held it so; seeing then the failure of his weapons, the figure flung his throwing-board at him, and fled, rushing at speed into my own sitting-room. It was Tomghin. Indignant at his cowardly treachery, and ignorant of his motives, I was debating with myself whether to turn him out, or to protect him, when in an instant he reappeared, armed at all points with a choice collection of native weapons, which I had procured as objects of curiosity. He was greeted with a shout of surprise and alarm, and one of the natives immediately seized him, and locking his arms firmly about his waist, held him, notwithstanding his violent struggles to get free. Not knowing what turn affairs might take, I had also armed myself, when Weeap said, 'Why do you bring your gun, are you angry?' 'No, I bring my gun that you may not injure any white person.' 'Oh, this is all among ourselves only.' I was appealed to by both the principals; Dauban calling upon me to put the woman out of the house, and Tomghin adjuring me not to give her up. I stood in the door-way, and said, 'I do not

interfere; when Dauban seizing her not very gently by the hair, and muttering with suppressed anger, once more led her away. Tomghin writhed with fury, and poured out a torrent of abuse and threats after him; and seizing some of the broken spears which he had thrown at him, ran off at full speed in pursuit. Dauban's leg having soon become stiff from the effects of the wound, Tomghin found no great difficulty in retaking the woman during the course of the evening. The wounded infant died in the night, and savage fury seemed to have taken possession of them both, for the poor girl Momican, who had hitherto followed Yualong like a shadow, now became alarmed, and fled from them, and took refuge in a neighbouring barrack, remaining under protection of the house until morning. At dawn of day Tomghin appeared, and ordered her to bring out a fire stick. The poor girl appeared to have some presentiment of her fate—she trembled, but obeyed:—he led her to some distance from the house, when with one blow upon the temples with the fire stick which she had brought, he felled her to the earth, and then transfixed her with his spear; when Yualong, her friend Yualong, whose protection she had sought, beat and mutilated her with a long heavy pointed stick used for digging roots, and which he actually thrust through her body in several places. Having thus perpetrated this wanton savage deed, they went off together, fit companions for one another, to enjoy their blood-stained bridal."

Coolly as the sacrifice has been, and strenuous and untiring as have been the efforts of our countrymen to spread the blessing of knowledge and Christianity among these benighted beings, yet from all contemporaneous testimony much still remains to be effected. The work from which we have quoted has furnished us with much valuable information relative to the usages of a people considerable for their numbers, who may be ultimately destined to occupy a prominent place in the scale of civilised society.

Modest.—A gentleman advertises in a New York paper for board in a quiet genteel family, where there are two or three beautiful and accomplished young ladies, and where his society "will be deemed a sufficiency for board, lodging, washing, and other necessaries."

Strasburg Cathedral.—The *Presse* states that the belfry of the Cathedral of Strasburg has deviated considerably from its perpendicular within a short time; and has inclined more than six feet, calculating between the elevation of the summit and the base.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF CLEVELAND.



Arms.—Quarterly, first and fourth, az., three sinister gauntlets, or, for Vane; second and third, quarterly; first and fourth, quarterly, France and England second, Scotland third, Ireland, (being the arms of Charles II) charged on the centre point, erm., for Fitzroy.

Crest.—Vane, a dexter gauntlet, ppr. bossed and trimmed, or, brandishing a sword, also ppr. Fitzroy on a chapeau, gu., turned up erm., a lion passant, guardant, or, gorged with a collar, company, of the second and az., and crowned with a five-leafed ducal coronet, of the last.

Supporters.—Dexter, a lion guardant, or, ducally crowned and gorged as the crest; sinister a greyhound unguled, collared as the dexter.

Motto.—*Nec temere nec timide.* "Neither rashly nor timidly."

The Clevelands claim a common ancestor with the noble house of Fane (changed from Vane), earls of Westmoreland. It appears that Sir Henry Vane, who was knighted for his valiant achievements at the battle of Poictiers, left a son, John Vane, whose great grandson, John Vane, esquire, received, in the reign of Henry VI, a grant of the manor of Hadloe, in Kent. He married Isabel, daughter of John Darel, esquire, and had, with other issue, Richard, ancestor of the earls of Westmoreland. This John Vane, senior, appears the first to have changed his name from Vane to Fane in his will. His grandson, Henry Fane, esquire, of Halde, was involved in Sir Thomas Wyatt's Insurrection, and committed to the Tower; but owing to his youth, experienced the royal clemency. He subsequently represented Winchester in parliament, and became an eloquent and distinguished senator. He died in the twenty-second year of the reign of Elizabeth. His grandson, Sir Henry, resumed the original name of his ancestors. This gentleman was a distinguished politician, and high in the favour of James I and Charles I; in the former reign he was appointed cofferer to the prince of Wales; and in the latter, after enjoying many elevated offices, was constituted principal secretary of state for life, and sworn to the privy council. His sub-

sequent dismissal from office was attributed to his having offended the king, by the active part he took in the prosecution of the earl of Strafford — against whom he was said to be influenced by private pique — from that nobleman's having, when elevated to the peerage, taken the title of Baron Raby, of Raby Castle, which Sir Henry Vane deemed more properly to belong to himself as owner of the castle. The removal of Sir Henry from power formed part of the justification of the parliament for first levying an army. "It is only," says their declaration, "for the defence of the king's person, and the religion, liberties, and laws of the kingdom, &c. That by the instigation of evil councillors, the king had raised an army of Papists, by which he intended to awe and destroy the parliament, &c., and the putting out of the earl of Northumberland, Sir Henry Vane, and others, &c., were ample and sufficient evidence thereof." Sir Henry Vane died in 1654, and was succeeded by his elder son, Sir Henry Vane, knight, whom Clarendon characterises as a person "of great natural parts, a quick conception, and very ready, sharp, and weighty expression." This gentleman was appointed joint treasurer of the navy with Sir William Russell; and outliving his associate, enjoyed the office alone; in which he displayed a rare example of honour and integrity. The fees of office amounted to little less than £39,000 per annum, which Sir Henry, looking upon as too much for a subject, nobly relinquished his patent, which had been granted by Charles I for life, to the then parliament, desiring but £2000 a year for an agent that he had brought up to the business, the remainder to go to the public. Sir Henry took great part in the Civil Wars of the period. In early life he seemed attached to the monarchy; but "when his father (observes Clarendon) received the disobligation from the lord Strafford, by his being created baron of Raby (the house and land of Vane), which title had been promised himself but it was unluckily cast upon the earl, purely out of contempt to Vane; they sucked in all the thoughts of revenge imaginable; and thence the son betook himself to the friendship of Mr. Byron and all other discontented or seditious persons, and communicated all that intelligence that designed the ruin of the earl, and which grafted him in the entire confidence of those who promoted the same, so that nothing was concealed from him, though it is believed he communicated his own thoughts to very few. After the Restoration he was looked upon as a dangerous character; and being arraigned for high treason, was found guilty, and receiving sentence of death, was beheaded on Tower-hill, June 11, 1662. Sir Henry

was succeeded by his youngest and only surviving son, Sir Christopher Vane, knight, who was elevated to the peerage as lord Barnard, of Barnard Castle, in the bishopric of Durham, by letters patent, dated July 8, 1699. Lord Barnard died in 1723, and was succeeded by his elder son, Gilbert, second baron, whose son, Henry, third baron, married lady Grace Fitzroy, daughter of Charles, 1st duke of Cleveland. His lordship, having filled some high official appointments, was created viscount Barnard, and earl of Darlington, by letters patent, dated April 3, 1754. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Henry, second earl, whose son, William Henry, was created marquis of Cleveland, in 1827, and duke of Cleveland in 1833. The duke died in 1842, and was succeeded by his son Henry, the present peer; married November 16, 1809, Sophia, daughter of John Earl Poulett.

Review.

Despatches and Letters of Lord Nelson.
With Notes by Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas, G.C.H. G. Vol. I. Colburn.

(Concluded from page 410.)

We gather from these letters an interesting account of the progress of an attachment, which ended in making Nelson, as he says, a "Benedict." The interest of these details becomes painful, when we reflect on the lamentable error which this great man fell into in after life; but they open a page in the history of the human heart which cannot be too seriously conned, and show how necessary it is for the best and the greatest among us to set a watch on our conduct, lest, from small beginnings, there should spring giant errors, swallowing up all that we once held sacred and dear. As a lesson and a warning, we should look at the failings of the great; and whilst we do full homage to all that is high and noble in their career, draw good from the evil, and thus disarm it of, at least, one of its poisonous stings — influence. The marriage of Nelson was the result of an attachment, the nature of which, and the promises for future happiness, will be best shown by extracts from his letters. Speaking of Mrs. Nisbet to his uncle, William Suckling, Esq., when applying for pecuniary assistance, we find the following passage: —

"The lady is a Mrs. Nisbet, widow of a Dr. Nisbet, who died eighteen months after her marriage, and has left her with a son. From her infancy (for her father and mother died when she was only two years of age), she has been brought up by her mother's brother, Mr. Herbert, President of Nevis,

a gentleman whose character and fortune must be well known to all the West India merchants, therefore I shall say nothing upon that head. Her age is twenty-two; and her personal accomplishments you will suppose *I think* equal to any person's I ever saw; but, without vanity, her mental accomplishments are superior to most people's of either sex; and we shall come together as two persons most sincerely attached to each other from friendship. Her son is under her guardianship, but totally independent of her." The sentence in his uncle's reply, "Your application has, in a great degree, deprived me of my free agency," gave rise to the succeeding:—

"Relations are not always the people we are to look up to for doing friendly offices. O, my dear uncle! you can't tell what I feel—indeed, I can hardly write, or know what I am writing: you would pity me did you know what I suffer by that sentence—for, although it does not make your act less generous, yet it embitters my happiness. You must know me, and consequently that I am guided by the strictest rules of honour and integrity; and that, had I not been more ambitious of fame than money, I should not, most probably, have been under the necessity of making the present application to you. No dangers or difficulties shall ever deter me from doing my utmost to provide handsomely for my dearest Fanny, for with the purest and most tender affection do I love her. Her virtue and accomplishments are not more conspicuous than her goodness of heart and gentleness of disposition; and you will esteem her for herself when you know her. Your readiness in giving, my dear friend, will not make me more anxious to receive; for, can I live without your putting yourself to the inconvenience of advancing money. I certainly shall do it, for my disposition is not that of endeavouring to grasp all I can. The greatest felicity I can enjoy is to make her happy; for myself I can care but little when she is considered; and I could lay down my life with pleasure at this moment for her future happiness. After what I have written, you will believe that my love is founded upon that strong basis which must have the appearance of enjoying happiness with her."

Again, in another letter to the same—

"Perhaps you will think it odd if I do not mention Mrs. Nisbet;—I can only answer you, that her heart is equal to her head, which every person knows is filled with good sense. My affection for her is fixed upon that solid basis of esteem and regard, that I trust can only increase by a longer knowledge of her."

We cannot refrain from giving part of a letter, addressed to Mrs. Nisbet, as it gives

a further insight into his feelings and expectations:—

"My dearest Fanny—Having seen in this day's newspaper, that a vessel cleared out from St. John to Nevis, a few days ago, I feel vexed not to have had a letter in the office for you: however, if I can well help it, I will not be behind hand again. To write letters to you is the next greatest pleasure I feel to receiving them from you. What I experience when I read such, as I am sure, are the pure sentiments of your heart, my poor pen cannot express, nor, indeed, would I give much for any pen or head that could describe feelings of that kind; they are worth but little when that can happen. My heart yearns to you—it is with you—my mind dwells on nought else but you. Absent from you, I feel no pleasure; it is you, my dearest Fanny, who are everything to me. Without you, I care not for this world; for I have found lately nothing in it but vexation and trouble. These, you are well convinced, are my present sentiments; God Almighty grant they may never change. Nor do I think they will; indeed, there is, as far as human knowledge can judge, a moral certainty they cannot; for it must be real affection that brings us together, not interest, or compulsion, which makes so many unhappy."

Soon after this they were married, March 12, 1787; and in the succeeding December, his ship being paid off, he was placed on half pay, residing principally at Burnham Thorpe, in Norfolk, till the January of 1973, when he was appointed captain of the *Agamemnon*, of 64 guns. During the necessary separation, attendant on this appointment, his correspondence with his wife was as frequent as opportunity would allow, and always expressive of affection and admiration. It was during this absence that he first met with Lady Hamilton, and he speaks of her to his wife as "A young woman of amiable manners, and who does honour to the station to which she is raised."

One among many other recommendations to this excellent work, is the care which Sir Harris Nicolas takes to avail himself of extracts from the former lives of Nelson, wherever they can throw any light upon the subject of the letters. In this instance, we find an anecdote of Sir William Hamilton's first impression of Nelson, taken from Harrison's *Life of Nelson*, and with this we must for the present conclude, awaiting the appearance of the second volume, which is promised in January:—

"Sir William, on returning home, after his first interview with Nelson, told Lady Hamilton that he was about to introduce to her a little man who could not boast of being very handsome, but who would become the greatest man that ever England produced. I know it from the very few words of con-

versation I have already had with him. I pronounce that he will one day astonish the world. I have never entertained any officer at my house, but I am determined to bring him here; let him be put in the room prepared for Prince Augustus." Nelson is stated to have been equally impressed with Sir William Hamilton's merits. "You are," he said, "a man after my own heart; you do business in my own way; I am now only a captain, but, if I live, I will be at the top of the tree."

Familiar Introduction to Astronomy.

[Sherwood.]

A minute description of a book which has reached a third edition may be spared. This Introduction is what it professes to be, a familiar treatise. Its utility is obvious, and the wonderful science of which it treats is one that does not soon tire. A little elegant work like this is valuable to refresh and remind those it cannot inform. We give as a sample its notice of the change of the seasons.

"The earth, in revolving around the sun, does not move with its axis perpendicular to its path, but its North Pole is slightly inclined towards the sign Cancer; and it preserves this inclination during the whole of its annual circuit. The consequence of this is, that when the earth passes through the sign Capricornus, its North Pole is inclined towards the sun, which is then seen in Cancer; and on that account the sun's light extends a considerable distance beyond the North Pole of the earth, and falls short of the South Pole; hence, as the earth turns upon its axis, we, in the northern hemisphere, have then long days, and an increase of the solar beams, which, falling more directly upon us than at any other time of the year, produce the sultry heat of summer; while the inhabitants of the southern hemisphere experience a proportionate diminution of the sun's light and heat, causing their winter. When the earth has arrived at the sign Aries, the sun will be seen in the sign Libra, which sign is equidistant from the two points of the heavens to which the North and South Poles of the earth are directed; consequently the sun's rays will then fall perpendicularly upon the equatorial parts of the earth; the half of its surface will therefore be illuminated from pole to pole; and as the earth turns upon its axis, there will then be an equal length of day and night on every part of the globe; this is the situation of the earth in our autumn. When the earth has arrived at the sign Cancer, we see the sun in Capricornus; but the North Pole, as before observed, is still directed towards Cancer, and must therefore

incline from the sun, which is in the opposite sign. On this account the solar beams do not reach so far as the North Pole of the earth, which is therefore involved in darkness; and as the earth rotates, we, who dwell in the northern hemisphere, have short days, and feel less of the sun's heat, his rays falling obliquely and sparingly upon us. This is our winter season; but the South Pole of the earth being now inclined towards the sun, the inhabitants of the southern hemisphere have long days, and experience the heat of summer. When the earth has arrived at Libra, the sun will be seen in Aries: his beams again fall perpendicularly on the equator, as in autumn; and as the earth revolves, an equality of day and night, on every part of its surface, again takes place. The season of spring now commences in our hemisphere, but in the southern it is autumn. The earth, advancing in its annual course, arrives again at Capricornus, from whence the sun appears in Cancer, where we first observed him, and, by shining over the North Pole as before, gives us the lengthened days and the increased heat of summer. If the axis of the earth were perpendicular to the plane of its annual orbit, there could be no variation of seasons; neither summer nor winter would be known amongst us; the days and nights would each be twelve hours long, and the sun would throughout the year shine perpendicularly on the equatorial parts of the earth, and shed its light as far as the Poles, but no farther. Thus the different seasons of the year, with all their beneficial consequences, are produced by the axis of the earth being inclined to the plane of its orbit, and its parallelism preserved; that is, the same position of the axis retained with relation to the starry heavens during its annual course; the North Pole of the earth being always directed towards a certain fixed star, called the Pole Star; a contrivance extremely simple, yet truly sublime; pointing out to us the infinite wisdom of the Great Creator, who 'spake the word, and nature moved complete.'

Marriage. A Poem. By the Rev. Dr. H. Edwards. Whittaker.

This is, also, like the work just noticed, a third edition. It contains some powerful passages, rendered more valuable by the high moral aim which the author has in view. Sometimes he has been rather too disdainful of the shackle of rhyme, which he had imposed upon himself, and suffered inaccuracies to pass, which in another edition it may be as well to correct. The distinction between love and lust is very forcibly marked, and many happy ideas

are developed in the progress of the poem. Our readers will be pleased with the animation and variety of the extract which follows, relating to unrequited love, and the affecting note appended to it, which will repay perusal:—

“ Ah! who can tell the horror, blank dismay,
Caused by the soul that charms but to betray?
Love unrequited and love unrevealed,
Eating the heart in voiceless woe concealed;
And love long cherished, all at once bereaved.
All, all are nought compared with love deceived.
Nature and art alike were all too faint,
A love-lorn, disappointed soul to paint.
The lightning’s pallid flash? the thunder’s roar;
The whit’ning surge encroaching on the shore;
The deep’ning horrors of the ethereal gloom;
The earthquake’s dire unfathomable tomb;
The wild tornado harrowing up the ground;
The frantic whirlwind scattering ruin round;
The adder’s venom; the hyena’s moan;
The shriek, the yell; the agonizing groan;
The orphan’s sable garb; the widow’s grief;
The captive’s sigh, who looks not for relief;
The film opaque which fills the orb of light;
The wayward madman’s aimless joys and fright;
The voices which wait upon our earliest breath;
The dire unutterable pangs of death;
Vain all—to show the horrors of that heart—
Its frenzy, fury, when compelled to part,
By treach’ry, from one who long declared
Its every thought, and wish, and feeling shared;
A phantom which the burning fancy reared,
Arrayed in its own graces long endeared;
Which, like the sand, or sky, or ocean gay,
Invited confidence—but to betray.”*

* “ The daughter of a country curate in Hampshire being reduced, by the death of her father, to the hard necessity of seeking some mode of subsistence, could find no other than going into the service of an old female friend of her mother, as her maid. Emilia (that was her name) had received from her parents the best education. She was handsome, had a very pleasing figure, was sensible, discreet, reserved, and of the most modest deportment. Unfortunately for her, a young gentleman of good fortune, who was a friend of the family with which she lived, frequently visited at the house. The master and mistress keeping only one footman, poor Emilia, who generally assisted in serving the tea, had thus an opportunity of seeing the young man, and fell in love with him before she was aware of the progress of that sentiment in her heart. When she did perceive it, her reason induced her to oppose it, and she made many ineffectual efforts for that purpose; indeed, so violent were her struggles, that her health became seriously affected by them. Her mistress, who loved her tenderly, after having consulted several physicians in vain, sent her to the house of a friend at twenty miles distance, to try whether change of air would not be of service to her. The absence of the object of her affection, no doubt, contributed to her recovery. She returned to her mistress’s; and having the same opportunities of seeing the young man as before, her passion revived. Firmly resolved to conquer it, or to die rather than give way to an attachment in spite of her, she relapsed into a deplorable state of health. The physicians, not being able to discover the cause of her disorder, thought that she must be affected by some deep sorrow, and pronounced her in danger. Her affected mistress intreated her to intrust her with the secret; and, to induce her to do so, told her the danger she was in, and promised not only not to betray her confidence, but to do her utmost to obtain the means necessary for her cure. Overcome by the affection of her mistress, she acknowledged her passion; begged her to conceal it from him who was the object of it; and received with resignation

BURFORD’S PANORAMIC VIEW OF NAPLES

Amongst the most beautiful of Mr. Burford’s many beautiful Panoramas, is the one just offered to the public, of the Bay of Naples. It is represented under the charming influence of moonlight, and there is a kind of mist thrown over that portion of the picture which is uninfluenced by the gorgeous light of Vesuvius, peculiarly true to nature. We would notice especially Sorrento, and the island of Caprea, with the adjacent coasts, to which the spectator looks through a mysterious kind of haze, most poetically striking. On the left of the burning mountain, backed by the gloomy range of Appenines, lies a portion of the city, with the light-house, the mole, the castle and convent of St. Elmo, and other buildings and churches lighted by the full blaze of the eruption, forming a fine and gradual contrast to the quiet repose of the rest of the picture. The light of the stars is inimitable.

The Gatherer.

New Voyage of Discovery.—It is in the contemplation of government to send out another expedition to the Arctic Regions, with the view of discovering *the*, or *a* North-west passage, between the Atlantic and Pacific; and the Council of the Royal Society having been solicited to give their opinion as to the desirableness of such an expedition, have stated, that independent of the great object to be attained, the benefits that would accrue to the sciences of geography and terrestrial magnetism render such an expedition peculiarly desirable. The Erebus and Terror, which were recently employed at the south pole, under Sir J. Ross, have returned in such good order, as to be ready to be made immediately available for employment on similar service.

the news of her approaching dissolution, which would at last deliver her from an unfortunate passion that all her efforts had been unable to vanquish. Her mistress could not help informing her husband of the discovery. They began to sound the young man upon the subject, and finding, by degrees, that he had observed the merit of Emilia, they prevailed upon him to pity her situation. He consented; asked to see her (she being previously prepared for it by her mistress); entered into conversation with her: testified the greatest desire to see her health re-established; and even went so far as to say, that if she could recover, he would be happy to marry her. ‘ ‘ Marry me’’ cried she, raising her arms, and fixing her eyes upon him: ‘ ‘ Marry me’’ and throwing her head back she instantly expired.”

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